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To my late Patrons,

My accounts are all in the hands of Messrs. Austin & Fisher, my authorized agents for collecting the same. I have been very anxious to see that all those who have been so kind as to subscribe to the "Western Carolinian," Advertising, or Job Printing, to settle their accounts without delay, as I never have more. I have been patient until my accounts have become more pressing. Those at a distance are most earnestly requested to transmit what they owe by mail to Austin & Fisher. I hope this is my last call upon my friends.

JOS. W. HAMPTON,
Late Ed. West. Caro.
Salisbury, Oct. 25, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGIA SCENES, CHARACTERS, AND INCIDENTS.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

I describe a Georgian family. It is a fair specimen of Georgian families generally, at the heads of which are parents of good sense, good morals, and well improved minds. To be sure, there are Georgians, as many nations about parental government, as there are in any other country, and the action is as various as the opinions. Some parents exercise no government at all; others confine themselves exclusively to the government of the tongue; and others rule by the rod alone; but for the larger class, blend these several modes of government, and prefer the one or the other according to times and circumstances. To this class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Butler, the heads of the family which I am about to describe. Gilbert, was a Christian, and was ever afterwards admitted to their household, with the freedom of one of the members—indeed I was a connection of one of them.

They had been married about eight months, and a dull November evening found me at their side. In the course of the evening, the conversation turned upon raising children. "By the way, Eliza," said Gilbert, "I have been thinking for some time past of interchanging views with you on this subject; and there never can be a better time than now, while Abraham is with us, whose views we both respect, and who will act as umpire between us."

"Well," said Eliza, "let me hear yours." "If we should ever be blessed with children, Eliza," said Gilbert, "let it be a fundamental law, as it is in the case of us, ever interfere with the discipline of the child, unless it be in the presence of the children."

"To that rule I most heartily subscribe." "When a child is corrected by one of us, let not the other extend to it the least condolence or sympathy."

"In that also you have my hearty concurrence." "Let us never correct a child in a passion."

"The property of that rule I fully admit; but I am that I shall not always be able to conform to it. I will, however, endeavor to do so."

"Let us, if you will do your best, I shall be satisfied." "Well, as far as it is practicable, introduce your children, the universally admitted principle of good government among men."

"That is a very indefinite rule, husband. I know very little of the principles of good government among men; and much less of those principles which are universally admitted."

"Well, I will be a little more specific. I believe it is generally admitted that laws should be made in accordance with the principles of the law."

"A child who is incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, nor until he shall have been informed of the wrong, and taught to avoid it."

"These principles seem very reasonable to me," said Eliza, "but they never can be applied to children. If you do not correct a child until it is old enough to learn from precept the difference between right and wrong, there will be no living in the house with it for the first five or six years of its life and no controlling it afterwards."

Gilbert received these views of his wife, with some alarm, and entered upon a long argument to convince her that they were erroneous. She maintained her own very well, but Gilbert had certainly the advantage of her in the argument. All he could say, however, did not in the least shake her confidence in her opinion.

I was at length appealed to, and I gave judgment in favor of Gilbert.

"Well," said she, "I never was better satisfied of anything in my life than I am that you are both wrong. But let us compromise this matter. I'll agree to this: if ever I correct a child before it is old enough to receive instruction from precept, and you do not approve of my conduct, I will then promise you never to do the like again."

"Well," said Gilbert, "that is very fair. One more rule will settle the fundamentals, and we may safely trust all others to future adjustment. Let us never address our children in the nonsensical gibberish, that is so universally prevalent among parents, and particularly among mothers. It is very silly in the first place, and it greatly retards the child's improvement in the second. Were it not for this, I have no doubt children would speak their mother's tongue as correctly at four years old, as they do at sixteen."

Eliza smiled, and observed, that this was such a small matter that it had also better be left to future adjustment. To this Gilbert, rather reluctantly, assented.

About two months after this conversation, Gilbert was blessed with a fine son; whom he named John James Gilbert, after the two grand-fathers and himself—a profusion of names which he had some afterwards to repent.

Just fourteen months and six days thereafter he

was blessed with a fine daughter, whom Eliza named, Anna Francis Eliza, after the two grand-mothers and herself.

Fifteen months thereafter, he received a third blessing, like unto the first; which he called George Henry, after his two brothers.

Thirteen months and nineteen days after the birth of George, a fourth blessing descended upon Gilbert, in the form of a fine son. This took the name of William Augustus, after two brothers of his wife.

Eliza now made a long rest of nineteen months, four days and five hours, (I speak from the family record,) when, by way of amend, she presented her husband a pair of blessings. As soon as his good fortune was made known to him, Gilbert expressed regret, that he had not reserved his own until now, in order that the twins might bear his name and mine. Seeing this could not be, he bestowed my name upon the first born, and gave me the privilege of naming the second. As I consider a 'good name' rather to be chosen than great riches, I called the innumerate, after Isaac the patriarch, and a beloved uncle of mine.

In this very triumphant and laudable manner, did Mrs. Butler close the list of her sons.

She now turned her attention to daughters, and in the short space of five years produced three, that a queen might have been proud of. Their names, in the order of their births, were, Louisa, Rebecca and Sarah. It was one of Mrs. Butler's maxims, "If you have any thing to do, do it at once," and she seemed to have been governed by this maxim in making up her family; for Sarah completed the number of her children.

John was about a year old, when I was again at Gilbert's for the evening. He was seated by the supper table with the children in his arms, addressing some remarks to me, when I called his attention to the child, who was just in the act of putting his fingers into the blaze of the candle. Gilbert jerked him away suddenly; which so disappointed and incensed Master John James Gilbert, that he screamed insupportably. Gilbert tossed him, patted him, walked him, and whistled to him; but he could not distract his attention from the candle. He removed him out of sight of the luminary, but that only made matters worse. He now commenced his first lesson in the 'principles of good government.' He brought the child towards the candle, and the nearer it approached the more pacified it became. The child extended its arm to catch the flame, and Gilbert bore it slowly towards the flame until the hand came nearly in contact with it, when he snatched it away, crying, 'bunny finies!' which is by interpretation, 'you'll burn your fingers!'

Eliza and I exchanged smiles, but neither of us said any thing.

The child continued this obstinate teasing, and became if possible, more intemperate than ever. Gilbert now resorted to another expedient. He put his own fingers into the flame, withdrew them suddenly, blew them, shook them, and gave every sign of acute agony. This not only quieted, but delighted the child, who signified to him to do it again. He instantly perceived (what was practically demonstrated the minute afterwards), that the child was put in a most dangerous interpretation upon his last illustration. He determined, therefore, not to repeat it. The child not satisfied with the sport, determined to repeat it himself; which the father opposing, he began to reach and cry as before. There was but one experiment left; and that was, to let the child feel the flame a little. This he resolved to try but how to conduct it properly was not so easily settled. It would not do to allow the infant to put his hand into the flame; because it would either burn it too little, or too much. He therefore resolved to direct the hand to a point so near the flame, that the increasing heat would induce the child to withdraw his hand himself. Accordingly, he brought the extended arm, slowly towards the flame; the child becoming more and more impatient with every moment's postponement of its gratification, until the hand came within about an inch of the wick, when he held the child stationary. But John would not let his hand remain stationary, nor at the chosen point. He kept snatching at the candle, till finding all his efforts fruitless, he threw himself violently back, gave his father a tremendous thump on the nose with the back of his head, and kicked and screamed most outrageously.

"You little rascal," said Gilbert, "I've a good mind to give you a good spanking."

"Give him to me," said Mrs. Butler.

"You'd better not take him," said Gilbert, in an under tone, "while he is in such a passion."

"No danger," said she; "hand him to me."

As she received him, "hush, sir!" said she sharply; and the child hushed instantly and was asleep in a few minutes.

"Strange," said Butler, "how much sooner the mother acquires control over a child than the father."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Butler. "You would have controlled him as easily as I did, if you had given him the same lesson beforehand that I gave him. He got in just such an uproar the other day, and finding nothing else would quiet him, I spanked it out of him; and I have had no trouble in quieting him since."

"I begin to think Butler," said I "that Eliza was in right the only points of difference between you, touching the management of children. I observed that you addressed the child just now in the gibberish which you so much condemned before you became a father; and though it seemed ridiculous enough, especially in you, I think it would have appeared still more ridiculous, if you had said to a child so young, 'John, my son, do not put your fingers into the flame of the candle, it will burn them.' And your experiment has taught you the absolute impossibility of governing children of very tender years, by prescribed rules."

"I am half inclined to your opinion," said Butler. "Eliza's discipline has performed several good offices. It has relieved us of John's insupportable noise; it has taught him to control his temper at its first appearance, and it has learned him the

meaning of a word, (hush,) which will often supply the place of correction, and always forewarn him of desire unlawful. However, this case, is an exception to my rule, rather than a refutation of it. After a child gets old enough to understand the language of instruction, he should always be admonished before he is punished."

Eliza again joined issue with him, and an argument ensued, in which Gilbert silenced his wife as before; but with no better effect upon her judgment. The matter was referred to me, and I decided this time in favor of the wife; rather upon the doctrine of changes than of dialectics.

Gilbert now squared himself for an argument a little more obstinate than that from which he had just come off victorious. After waiting a reasonable time, 'well,' said he 'proceed.'

"Proceed where?" said I.

"With your reasons."

"I've got no reasons," said I "except that your wife thinks so."

"Well really," returned he, "that is very profound; and proves you to be the best judge for the decision of my wife's controversies that she should select."

"There may be more sound philosophy in it," rejoined I, "than at first sight appears. Your wife has already proved herself to be a better judge of these matters than both of us put together; and I think I understand why it is so. She has had ten times the experience in them that we have had. Her habits of life have been domestic; she has seen children of all ages, and under all circumstances; and from sixteen to twenty three she supplied her mother's place in her father's family."

"A pretty handsome retreat," said Gilbert.

Long before the second son arrived at the reasoning age Gilbert abdicated, unreservedly, in favor of his wife; confining himself with the subordinate station of her ministerial officer; in which he executed her orders in cases requiring more physical strength than she possessed.

Passing over the intermediate period, I now introduce the reader to this family, after most of the children had reached the 'age of reason.' In contemplating the scene which I am about to sketch, he will be pleased to turn his thoughts occasionally to Gilbert's 'principles of good government.'

Sarah was about two years and a half old, when Gilbert invited me to breakfast with him one December morning near the Christmas holidays. It was the morning appointed for his second killing of hogs; which, as the southern reader knows, is a sort of family carnival in Georgia. I went, and found all the children at home, and Gilbert's mother added to the family circle. John and Anna had reached the age when they were permitted to take seats at the first table; though upon this occasion John being engaged about the pork did not avail himself of his privilege; the rest of the children were taught to wait for the second table. Breakfast was announced, and after the adults and Anna had despatched their meal, the children were summoned. As they had been taught not to seat themselves at the table until they were bidden, as there were some few preparatory arrangements to be made, they all gathered round the fire, clamorous with the events of the morning.

"By Jocky," said William, "did't that old black barrah weigh a heap?"

"Look here young gentleman," said his mother, "where did you pick up such language as that?"

"Now let me ever hear you by-jockying or by-ing any thing else again, and I'll be jocky you with a witness I'll warrant you."

"But the black barrah," said George, "did't weigh as much for his size as the bob-tail speckle, though."

"He did't."

"Hush your disputing—this instant stop it—you shall not contradict each other in that manner. And let us hear no more of your hog-pen wonders—no body wants to hear them."

"At this instant William snatched a pig-tail out of Isaac's hand."

"Ma," said Isaac, "make Bill gi' me muk tail."

"You William give him his—thing. And, if I was near you I'd box your ears for that snatching. Mr. Butler, you really will have to take that fellow in hand. He's getting so that I can do nothing with him."

"If he don't behave himself," said Butler carelessly, "just turn him over to me; I reckon I can manage him."

"Ma," said Bill, "he took my blatha—"

"Hush!"

"I did't."

"You did't."

"Don't I tell you to hush your disputing. Well ma, uncle York gave it to me."

"He did't; uncle Monday gave it to me."

"He did't."

"He did't."

Here the mother divided a pair of slaps equally between the two disputants, which silenced them for a few moments.

At this juncture, Miss Rebecca cried out with a burst of anger; which she received in cooking another pig-tail. "The burn was so slight that she forgot it as her mother jerked her from the fire."

"You little vixen," said the mother, "what possesses you to be a meddling about the fire! Mr. Butler I beseech you to forbid the negroes giving these children any more of these poison pig tails. They are a source of endless torment. And now young gentlemen—one and all of you—the next one of you that brings one of those things into this house again I'll box his ears as long as I can find him. Now remember it. Come along to your breakfast."

In a little time after some controversy about places which was arrested by the mother's eye, they were all seated; John who had dropped in, in the mean time, taking his father's seat.

"Is up!" said William, "quandage, that's what I love."

"Hoo!" said Isaac, "Spare-ribs!" that's what I love.

"Well cease your gab, and eat what's set before

you without comments. No body cares what you love or what you don't love."

"Souse," said Abraham, "I doot love souse—I would't eat souse 't'nt fitten for a dog to eat."

"Get up sir: right from the table, and march out of the house until you learn better manners. I'll be bound if I say you shall eat souse, you eat it. Do you hear me sir."

Abraham raked himself busily out of his seat, and moved slowly off, casting a longing look at the many good things on the table which he thought 'fitten for a prince to eat.'

"Ma," said he as he retired, "I wish you'd make Bill quit laughing at me."

"William, I've as great a mind as I ever had to do any thing in my life, to send you from the table, and not let you eat one mouthful. I despise that abominable disposition you have, of rejoicing at your brother's misfortune. Remember sir, what Solomon says: 'he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.'"

"Ma," said Abraham, "may't I come to my breakfast?"

"Yes, if you think you can now behave yourself with decency."

Abraham returned; and they all broke forth at once.

"Ma," may't I have some assidge?" Ma, I want some spare-rib?" Ma I a't'nt got no coffee."

"Ma, if you please ma'am let me have some ham-gravy, and some fried homony, and some egg, and—"

"And some of every thing on the table I suppose! Put down your plates—every one of you. George what'll you have?"

"Some assidge, and some fried potato."

"John, help your brother George."

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE "KEY OF DEATH."

In the collection of the curiosities preserved in the Arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:

"About the year 1600, one of these dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of a large size, the handle of which was so constructed, that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle finesse, that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin's slender steel, unperceived in the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died."

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal: every one feared for his own life. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of morning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the stranger had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt) and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased, the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquiries used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous weapon discovered, and he perished on the gibbet."

RARE HONESTY.

The following circumstances are related in an English paper:

A farmer called on Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his hounds had during the winter gone to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well my friend," said his Lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury, and if you can procure an estimate on the loss you have sustained, I will repay you."

The farmer replied that, anticipating his Lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop had been entirely destroyed, £50 would not more than pay him—

The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those places at the field that were trampled, the corn was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his Lordship, and being introduced, said:

"I am come, my lord, supposing the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His Lordship instantly recalled the circumstances.

"Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

"Yes, my lord, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the hounds had most cut up the land, the crop is the most promising, and I have therefore brought the £50 back again."

"Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is what ought to be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking some questions about his family; how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room and returning, presented the farmer a check for £100.

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

We know not which most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

AGRICULTURE.

HINTS SUGGESTED FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF AGRICULTURE IN N. CAROLINA.

It must be the cause of deep regret to every real friend of North Carolina to see the state of Agriculture among us reduced to the lowest ebb—thousands of acres of land are annually destroyed—and our best resources are deserting their cultivated farms and emigrating to new countries.

Agriculture, instead of being pursued upon the rational plan of improvement—instead of being brought into notice, respected, encouraged and patronized—in, on the contrary, followed upon principles destructive to the land, and therefore, destructive to the strength and prosperity of the State, and remains neglected and degraded.

Why is agriculture thus neglected and degraded in North Carolina?—Our soil and climate, (generally speaking) are equal to those of any of our sister States—and are happily calculated to reward the labors of the husbandman in the most beautiful manner. Our State is intersected with numerous rivers, intended by nature as so many links to bind us more closely together in a friendly and commercial intercourse—and to encourage the cultivation of the soil to increase its various products, by affording them a quick and cheap transportation to market. In other States, enjoying no better natural advantages than we possess, we see agriculture flourishing—population increasing—every man bound and endeared to his native spot, because from it he derives ample subsistence, comfort and happiness.

Why is this not the case in North Carolina?—It may be traced to two causes—a neglect of internal improvement and to a want of knowledge among farmers as to the best modes of cultivating the soil—and a seal and emulation to effect improvements therein.

Wise governments have, in all ages, bestowed particular attention towards internal improvement as being objects of the first importance; as they particularly promote the prosperity of agriculture, upon which the strength and independence of every nation must depend.

In all countries where agriculture has flourished, it has been found, that its prosperity was promoted in proportion to the increase of internal improvements. Nothing gives a more elastic spring to agriculture, than roads, canals, and interior navigation. They open new channels of communication—new fronts to property—and stimulate improvements, not only in husbandry—but to all branches of employment, to which labor and capital are probably applied.

It has been stated that the wretched system of agriculture existing among us, was also owing to the want of information in farmers, as to the best modes of cultivating the soil, or of emulation and zeal to make improvements. To test the correctness of this opinion, we need only cast our eyes over the State, and observe thousands of acres of land completely worn out, washed into gullies, and turned out as a common-fields and farms in a state of wretched foulness—producing scanty crops hardly worth the labor of cultivation—the system of farming itself being one of exhaustion and impoverishment, instead of renovation and improvement. That the proprietors of the soil in this State, should have left the subject of agriculture so long in a state of almost total neglect and inattention, has always been to me, not only a source of poignant regret, but of utter astonishment. No landholders of our country exceed, and a great proportion do not equal them, in intelligence, education or mental acquirement. Yet they have suffered the cultivation of the soil, upon which not only their own subsistence and happiness depend, but that of their posterity, to remain without change or amelioration, from generation to generation.

To aid improvements, (in land) the grasses should be brought more generally into cultivation among us; they have hitherto been too much, or I might say, almost entirely neglected. By cultivating them, we should raise more bread and more meat; by cultivating them, in preparing meadows and well turfed standing pastures for stock, we should be enabled to exclude the tick and the hoof from our arable lands, and thus rapidly facilitate their improvement under the inclosing system.

The present mode of supporting stock is entirely from the dry house. By neglecting the culture of grasses, the stock is sustained by a

maintained) at more than double expense that it might be by a proper attention to dress; and the fact, at the same time, that the people who would otherwise be enriched by such attention.

Among the many artificial grasses, which the recent improvements in Agriculture have brought into cultivation, there are several which will be found to be well adapted to our soil and climate. Berse grass, red top, orchard grass, and tall meadow oat grass—the two former for wet and low lands, and the two latter for high and dry places, would be valuable acquisitions to every North Carolina farm.—*Arvids*

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

OF THE FOLLY OF TRYING TO PLEASE EVERY BODY.

There is a happy medium between the heartless disposition to please nobody, and the absurd aim to please every body; and fortunate are they who find this middle line, and keep to it so steadily as seldom to run into the extreme on either side.

It is no good sign to be different with respect to what the world thinks or says of us, since it would argue either a fulsome pride or a total lack of sensibility. This would be the character of such indifference, were it real; but, in truth, it is mere affectation or pretence. If we except those that are at the very bottom of the scale of human life, and only a small proportion even of them, it may be fairly concluded that no man nor woman, is altogether indifferent about the good or bad opinion of fellow beings. So far from it, the few who lay claim to this aimable distinction, have been found, generally speaking, peculiarly rancorous and vindictive toward such as had merely spoken disrespectfully of their talents. No authors, for example, have written with more agony under the merited lash of criticism, or been more jealous and vindictive, than some of those who pretended to look down with cold scorn upon the whole fraternity of critics.

Social qualities and feelings are among the primitive ingredients of our nature, and to divest ourselves of them would be to divest ourselves of humanity itself. They are rather to be cherished and cultivated, every way, and by all lawful means. It is not only right but laudable, to wish to be generally esteemed and beloved—to cultivate friendship—to avoid giving unnecessary offence—and to conform to the feelings and customs of those about us, so far as may be done with a good conscience, and consistently with one's personal circumstances. It is not only right but laudable, to make it a part of our own pleasure to please others; and when we are compelled to differ with them, to do it, if possible, without rancor or bitterness.

There is such a thing as a union of condescension and firmness; and a happy thing it is. To condescend in the things indifferent, in things trivial, in things that touch not the conscience, nor seriously harm or endanger one's earthly interest and welfare; and meanwhile to go not a step farther for any persuasion whatever; no, not to please one's nearest friends—that is the golden mean.

As some pretend to care for none, there are those who on the other hand, try to please all, by becoming—not in its best sense—"all things to all men." Some do not from selfish designs altogether; and others from a too yielding temper. These last cannot bear, in any case, to be opposed or to oppose; and so they readily fall in with the sentiments and views of their present company, and side with every man they meet. Often this pliability of mind or temper is owing to a sort of amiable weakness, but it is destructive of all respectability of character.

I know not how to illustrate this point better than by the following story, which as to substance and path, may be regarded as undoubtedly true.

Some very long time since, Parson M., of Massachusetts (then a British colony) being at Boston, bought him a wig there, and returning home, wore it at church the next Sabbath. As a wig of such a size and shape was quite a novelty in that obscure place, it gave offence to almost the whole congregation, who, both male and female, repaired the next day to their minister's house, and stated their complaint, the burden of which was, that the wig was one of the Boston notions, and had the look of fashion and pride. The good-natured minister, thereupon, brought it forth, and bade them fashion it to their own liking. This task they set about in good earnest, and with the help of scissors, cropped off lock after lock, till at last they all declared themselves satisfied—save one, who alleged, that wearing any wig at all, was in his opinion, a breach of the commandment, which saith, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath." This last objector Mr. M.—silenced, by convincing him that the wig, in the condition it then was, did not resemble any thing either above or below.

Even so fares it with the characters that make it their aim to please every body. Slashed on this side and on that, and twisted into every shape and out of all shape, they finally come to the condition of his reverence's wig.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.

If there is a danger to our liberties against the insidious approach of which we should guard, that danger is the corruption of the elective franchise, and nothing is more potent to produce that corruption than the pernicious custom of betting on elections. This custom saps the very foundation of liberty.

It is a dangerous and a wicked custom, which turns elections into mere gambling machines, by which money is to be lost or won, and patriotism, liberty and morality, are by it sacrificed at the shrine of a ruinous and degrading vice. The present political contest in Pennsylvania shows this evil in a most alarming form. Half a million of money is staked in Philadelphia alone upon the contest, and the gubernatorial candidates are regarded, not in the light of men to be chosen to the highest station of the Government, and to govern a free people; but in the light of race horses on a course, who, by reaching the goal or by being distanced, are to win or lose for their supporters a fortune. When gambling usurps the place of regard for public weal there must be political jockeying and political fraud. The man who has staked his all upon the result of an election will not be very nice as to the means by which that election is gained, and bribery, intimidation or fraud in voting, are no longer viewed with the horror they should be looked upon by every man who claims to be an American citizen, and regards the right of voting as his most sacred and inalienable right. The evil is growing; it is a cancer that if not checked in the first outbreak will soon corrode the very basis of our liberties and convert us from

a nation of freemen into the slaves of black legs. Legislative enactments should make it penal, the people should raise their voice against it, and the press—but alas, the press too often is made the very tool of political gamblers, instead of placing itself as a barrier against this vice, the mighty engine is converted into the shuffler and dealer of the political pack. Every day brings us papers in which are displayed in brazen figures the enormous odds offered on some favorite race horse—candidate we mean, and its aid is lent to disseminate the offer, and the editor is degraded into a rascal's bidder! He disclaims all participation in the bet, holds up his hands in holy horror against the practice, and yet does all in his power to have the bet taken and jears his opponents as cravens if they have the moral courage to refuse. Is this the use of the press? Shall they who are the sentinels of liberty open the gates to her foe? Shall the purity of the elective franchise be thus endangered by those who profess to be its guardians?—Forbid it honesty! Forbid it Law! Forbid it Heaven!—*Baltimore Sun*.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

VERY LATE FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship *Hibernia*, at New York, brings Liverpool papers to the 23rd, and London to the 27th September, both inclusive. The *Journal of Commerce*, *Courier*, and *Gazette* furnish the following items:

The chief topic of interest in matters of trade relates to the grain market, concerning which pretty full accounts will be found below. The weather had continued fine for harvesting, and the crop would be secured in excellent condition; yet notwithstanding this, prices had advanced, and speculators were shaping their calculations for a further rise. The duties on grain had advanced to 2s. and 8d. per quarter, and were very soon expected to be up to 10s. 8d. and 4s. 6d. per bbl. on flour. Great complaint was making against the corn laws. The accounts from Danzig and some other parts of Europe are less favorable to large supplies from thence, than had been anticipated.

Cotton remained about as before. A considerable movement had taken place in tobacco.

FRANCE AND MEXICO.

It is affirmed that an order has been issued from France to the effect that, in the event of a war between France and Mexico, all vessels sailing under Mexican letters of marque, will be treated as pirates, unless their crews are composed of at least two-thirds Mexican.

The *Liverpool Chronicle* of 23rd Sept. says, that a regular steam navigation, by means of four vessels of 1800 tons burden each, is about to be established between Havre and New York.

The new steam ship *Liverpool*, which is now fitting out in the Trafalgar Dock, is advertised to sail on her first voyage to New York on Saturday, the 20th of October. She is a splendid vessel, and is expected to steam and sail fast.

London, Wednesday evening, Sept. 26.—Money is rather more plentiful than it has been, and the rates of discount are lower being 2½ to 3 per cent. on bankers' bills. The English funds continue very steady, at high prices, and seem unaffected by the now more clearly demonstrated scarcity of wheat, and its necessary results in the employment of immense capital in the purchase of foreign wheat. To-day Consols have been 94 money, and 94½ account. The grain trade continues very firm, and necessarily, under present circumstances, occupies much attention. The duty on foreign wheat to-morrow morning is expected to be 10s. 8d. per quarter. This matter, however, does not create much interest. Prices of British wheat are confidently expected to be higher.

From the *Liverpool Chronicle*, Sept. 28.

The Harvest.—The splendid weather of the last fortnight has saved the harvest in the north of England and Scotland. Frosty nights and drying winds have done even more than the sunshine to ripen the corn; and we may now say that throughout Yorkshire, even in the more elevated parts, with very few exceptions, every species of corn is fully ripe, and the farmers are busily engaged in cutting it and clearing it away. A great quantity of corn has been hauled during the present week, but still by far the largest proportion is in the field, most of it, however, cut and in shocks, and beautifying the face of the country. Another week, with proper exertion on the part of the husbandman, will house the precious fruits of the earth, or, at least, a very large proportion of them. The crops of oats and barley are, we believe, rather over than under an average, and they will be reaped in good condition. The wheat, though in many places abundant, and perhaps in most uninjured, has yet suffered enough to reduce the crop below an average. Of this, from all the accounts, we cannot have any doubt.—*Leeds Mercury*.

There are three places which claim the honor of having originally invented the art of printing, *Haarlem*, *Ments*, and *Strasbourg*. Venice has a stronger claim than any other place to the improvement which has been made. It has long been a subject of controversy between the advocates of these several places, and though it is a contest which will hardly be the cause of any great advantage to the world, still it tends to throw light on the dawning of that art which is acknowledged to be the lever by which the moral and political world is directed.

From what we are able to gather from the arguments advanced in defence of the claims of the three places, we have mentioned—the truly original inventor seems to have been a resident of *Haarlem*—one *LAURENTIUS*. He was a man of great wealth and ingenuity. Proceeding step by step, he finally brought the art to the perfection which it now has, so far as the type is concerned. He first had beaten letters, which he changed subsequently for leaden ones. He ultimately made them of a mixture of lead and tin, as a less flexible and much more durable substance. His first works were published with separate wooden types tied together with threads. Wooden cuts were introduced into them. He died about the year 1440. Printing is said to have been introduced into England about 1461 by one *William Caxton* a citizen of London. The first work that is known to have a date to it was "THE PEALTEE" published at *Ments*, 1457. The first regular and permanent newspaper in England was established in 1622. The first on this Continent was the "Boston News-Letter" the publication of which was begun by *B. Green*, Esq., in 1704.—*Microcosm*.

From the United States Service Journal.

EXTRAORDINARY DEED OF FANATICS IN INDIA.

Ever since I have been in India I have heard of a class of Mussulmans, the disciples of a sect or sect, by name *Shaikh Ruffat*, who, in order to impress the unbelievers with the truth of the Mussulman's faith, imparted to his followers the power of plunging swords and daggers into their bodies, cutting off their tongues, frying it and putting it together again, cutting off the head and limbs, scooping out the eye, and in truth, doing with their bodies whatever it pleased them to do; all of which *Colonel G*—, in company with a clergyman, a Mr. R—, had seen when the latter grew sick and ran out of the place, declaring it was the power of Satan, which to this day he believes, and the *Colonel*, that it is done through the power of the art magic, at which, I, of course, laughed, and declared that so soon as a man of the regiment (by the name of *Shaikh Kureen*, one of these *Ruffat*) should return from furlough, I would witness the exhibition.

A large tent was accordingly pitched, and fifty lamps furnished, and plates full of arsenic, and quantities of a plant of the cactus tribe, filled with a milky juice, a drop of which if it fall on your skin, blisters it, and a vast quantity of the common glass bangles or bracelets, worn by the women, and daggers and swords, and things like thick steel skewers, and other horrid looking weapons like a butcher's steel, only with a handle covered with chains, and about 20 *Ruffat* to beat all manner of drums, and so, when all was ready about five of the officers left the mess table with myself, and along with us about a hundred sepoys crowded into the tent. When we were seated and silence obtained, the work commenced, a sort of chant from their sacred books, the drum beaters joining in and keeping time; the chant increased at length both in noise and velocity, until, having worked themselves into an ecstasy, they seized hold of the instruments, the body kept in a sort of swinging motion, plunged the skewer instrument, one through each cheek, another through the tongue, a third through the throat, and then commenced stabbing themselves with swords and daggers, and all sorts of nasty instruments. Others cut off their tongues, and having roasted it in the fire, put it in their mouth again, when it immediately united, they eat the arsenic and the blistering milk plant, whilst others munched the glass bangles as though they were the greatest delicacies. This was all done within a half yard of my knees, for they came up close to me with many lamps in order that I might see there was no deception; and I do assure you that it made me feel sick, and produced any thing but an agreeable sensation on my mind, for to this moment I know not what to think of it. I am not superstitious; and although the *Colonel* and numerous most respectable natives had declared to me that they did actually do these things, and that if a sense were to be in any manner trusted, they had seen it all done, I would, nevertheless, not believe it. I was told beforehand, that it required faith and purity on the part of the performer, and that not a drop of blood would follow, but that otherwise, a few drops of blood would sometimes follow the instruments, and the performer would receive some slight injury.

On taking my departure from the tent, I happened to say that I should, at all events, think more honorably of their prowess if I saw them exhibit in the open face of day, and divested of noise, motion, paraphernalia, &c. On the following day, while reclining on my couch, at about two o'clock, reading an English newspaper, without a servant or a soul near me, in rushed their *Zaze*, (priest or judge,) his hand full of instruments, which throwing upon the ground, he seized one, plunged it through his cheek on the left side, another on the right, a third through his tongue upwards, so that it stuck into his nose, another through his throat; he then stabbed himself with a bright sharp creese, which entered his body about three inches; not a drop of blood fell. He was going to cut off his tongue, when I begged him to desist. I was, in truth, perfectly nauseated at the sight. The man was in a state of frenzy, and really looked frightful, his face stuck full of instruments and stabbing and cutting himself with all his might. I sang out for some people and turned him out.

I have now told you what I have seen, and yet I will not ask you to believe it, for I know not myself what to think. There are many persons of very strong minds in other respects, who firmly believe, and who do not hesitate to declare their belief, that although driven out of Christendom, demonology, witchcraft, necromancy, and the entire list of black and forbidden arts and powers are abroad and in full existence in India. And I must declare that I will never again trust my sense if I did not see all that I have told you. I examined the instruments; I saw them drawn out of the flesh, and no scar or blood or mark left. I also saw a man eat and swallow three ounces of arsenic, and crunch and swallow glass bangles innumerable; and yet, although "seeing is believing," I can scarcely say that I believe what before a court of justice I would swear I have seen.

The Biter Bitten.—A man in the dress of a workman, was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed with five seals, and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained 100 thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him whom he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise—"Why, this letter is for me—I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize—but, on his breaking the seals, found nothing but a few sheets of blank paper, on which was written "Done!"

A Bloody Affray.—We learn from the *Alexandria (La.) Intelligencer* of the 12th instant, that a few days previously a fatal rencounter took place in the *Parish* at *Cataboula*, between *Henry Umble*, *John Davis*, and a man by the name of *Ross*, and two brothers by the name of *Jonathan* and *Abraham Haggerty*. The elder *Haggerty* being severely wounded by a shot received in the thigh, handed his brother, quite a youth, a double barrel shot gun, and directed him to kill their assailants, whereupon young *Haggerty* immediately shot dead *Umble* and *Ross*, and was himself slightly wounded. The wound of the elder *Haggerty* is supposed to be mortal.

GOVERNOR'S SALARIES.
The salary of the Governor of Louisiana, is \$7,500; of the Governors of New York and Pennsylvania, 4,000; of Massachusetts, 3,600; South Carolina, 3,500; of Virginia, 3,333; of Georgia, 3,000; of Maryland, 3,000; of Mississippi and Kentucky, 2,500 each; of New Jersey, North Carolina, Alabama and Tennessee, 2,000 each; Maine and Missouri, 1,800 each; Delaware, 1,333; Ohio, 1,200; Connecticut and New Hampshire, 1,100 each; Indiana and Illinois, 1,000 each; Vermont 750; Rhode Island, 400.

Saxony Ladies.—A tourist in Germany gives the following description of the Saxony ladies:—"Ladies are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle work no interruption. A lady going to a rout would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry, and whether he was not expected to cheapen stockings, instead of dealing in small talk. At Dresden it is carried so far that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wares. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of *Theckla*, in *Wallenstein's* death, had brought into her eyes, and immediately resume her knitting.—*Poultons Advertiser*.

The King of Bavaria is about to erect a temple in honor of the great men of Germany. The edifice is to be built of gray marble, and will be said in its exterior, resemble in some degree the *Madeleine* at Paris. There will be 54 pillars, of the same color as the body of the building. The entrance is to be twenty-four feet in height, and will open into a gallery one hundred and fifty feet long, fifty broad, and about the same number of feet in height. The apartment is to be divided into three sections by projecting pilasters, each section to be lighted by a skylight.

On each side above the cornice, will be pannels of red marble, in which will be inscribed, in letters of gold, the names of the great men whose portraits may not have been obtained. The busts will be ranged around the rooms, and together with the ornamental portions of the interior, produce a magnificent effect. Such a temple as the one proposed will be a fitting memorial of the superiority of talent; and will do honor to a monarch who knows so well how to appreciate intellectual greatness.—Wealth and power should thus always own the supremacy.—*Id.*

A meeting of steamboat owners, officers, &c., was held in Cincinnati last week, at which it was resolved not to regard the law passed by Congress at the last session, entitled "an act to provide for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam."

Westward Ho!—A fleet of some nine steamboats left our harbor this morning and in the course of the day for the far west, bearing from the wharves at least fifteen hundred passengers. In the space of one day has a population sufficient to create a respectable sized village, been removed from among us, and yet we do not miss them. They come among us, stay perhaps a week, and depart, without increasing or diminishing our population perceptibly. It would seem that the whole world is on the move, and passing and repassing through our city. By the way, our harbour is too small by one half for the increasing commerce of the lake—especially at such a time as this, when the wind down the lake has prevented departure for some days, and at the same time been filling it with arrivals. The guardians of Buffalo and its interests must become active in an enterprise so desirable, and in fact so essential to its future prosperity.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

MASONS AND DIXON'S LINE.

This line is frequently alluded to in public discussions, and yet many readers are unable to define its true character and meaning. To such the following explanation from the *Salem Gazette* will be read with interest:

"This boundary is so termed from the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—the two gentlemen who were appointed to run unfinished lines in 1761, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the territories subjected to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1739, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement in 1739 between themselves. A decree had been made in 1618 by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and these adjudged to his majesty (afterwards William Penn) which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and the Eastern sea on one side, and the Chesapeake Bay on the other, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen, to the 4th degree of North latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious, protracted and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, 1718, and of Lord Baltimore in 1714, till John and Richard and Thomas Penn, (who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father William,) and Cilius, Lord Baltimore, grandson of Charles and great Grandson of Cecilus, the original patentee, entered into an agreement on the 10th of May, 1727. To this agreement a chart was appended, which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line, running westward from that cape to the exact middle of the peninsula. Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement, and endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kindly decrees, and proprietary arrangements followed which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line. This was effected in 1739. But the cause in chancery being decided in 1739, new commissioners were appointed, who could not however agree, and the question remained open till 1761, when the line was run by Messrs. Mason and Dixon."

South American Horsemen.—We came upon an immense herd of wild horses, and *Candiotti*, jr. said, "Now, *Senor Don Juan*, I must show you how we tame a colt." So saying, the word was given for pursuit of the herd, and off like lightning started the Gaucha horsemen, *Candiotti* and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses, neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind. Off they flew, affrighted the

moment they were conscious of pursuit, chose out up their usual cry; the dogs ran the distance and it was not till the herd was at the foot of *San Juan*, and without a chance, miles, that the two headmost puma leaped out of the herd, which each and every gleed out of the herd. Down to the frightful somersaults, came two gallant herds continued its headlong flight, leaving their two prostrate companions. Upon whole band of Gauchos ran in; each man to tie their legs; one man held down the each horse, and another the hind quarters, with singular rapidity and dexterity, Gauchos put the saddles and bridles on their trembling, and almost frantic victims. The mules made a simultaneous and most vault: they reared, plunged, and kicked; started off at full gallop, and soon stopped their career, with their heads between, endeavoring to throw their riders. Vain deed! Immovable, they smiled at the efforts of the turbulent and outrageous unseat them; and in less than an hour the time of their mounting, it was very evident were to be the masters.—*Robertson's Peru*.

From the *Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel*, 18th ult.

DINNER TO THE CONVENTION.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. Our Country: Our love for her begins at home—but it does not end there.
2. Political and Commercial Independence: fathers fought for the one, let their sons seek the other.
3. The Northern States: Pioneers in the prize—most honored when best imitated.
4. Tennessee: Making her first appearance our "third assembly," like a maiden from the mountains—It is her privilege to "ball."

After the applause which was drawn forth by this sentiment had subsided, Col. Jernegan, a native from Tennessee, rose and responded to a very handsome manner, and concluded by a sentiment highly appropriate to the occasion.

5. Virginia: The cup of her fame is full, has but to fill that of her prosperity.
6. North Carolina: Modest and unassuming as her own gold.
7. South Carolina: The flames of her national emporium have but brightened the path to high destiny.
8. The Hon. B. F. Dunkin, of Charleston, responded to this sentiment in a most happy and manner, to the great delight of the company, including his response with the relation of an anecdote illustrative of the character of Georgia, was amusing in the highest degree.
9. Alabama: Rising from her "late degradation" like a giant from his wine.

Mr. Boone was called up by this sentiment in honor of his State, and in a short but impressive speech pledged the cordial co-operation of Alabama in the great enterprise of Southern improvement.

10. Mississippi: The fertile valley of her river invites her to agricultural industry—deep perennial currents beckon her to commercial enterprise. Let not her people be deaf to an appeal.
11. Florida: May the productive value of its fruits, equal the beauty of her flowers.

To this sentiment Col. Gadsden, of Florida, President of the Convention, responded in a few impressive remarks, characteristic of the man and his able alike to himself and the Territory he represented.

12. Georgia: Her natural position points to high destiny. She will not be slow in pursuing G. W. Crawford, Esq. being loudly called, to the applause for this sentiment had subsided, responded to it in a very eloquent and variable speech which was listened to with great attention by the company.

A large number of volunteer toasts were given and a number of speeches were made, festivities of the occasion being continued till late hours of the night; but as we have been obliged to print but very few of them we have deemed it unnecessary to publish them.

The *Steuenville Herald* (Whig) thus answers the Whig defeat in Ohio:

Well, here we are—the election over—and the Whigs rowed up salt river—yes, to its opposite head waters. We have been routed, "barn, ken, and dragons;" our camp laid waste, baggage trunks, and the right and left wings, main body, and all, tetotally used up. We have not an enemy, and we are their's—every mother's son. The result in this county, and, indeed, the result throughout the whole State, has astonished our side and their's too. We got into wrong snap, we must confess, in getting into the hands of the *Loco Focos* this heat. But what we were driven into them, kicked into them, or went into them, is our own business. Suffice it say, that we did get into them, were handled enough, and capsize in all quarters. Before a "great battle" was fought, our cry was—"all in rescue!"—egad, had it not been for all the day may have been ours. We made it our business to every voter to turn out—but, alas! we were wretchedly misunderstood—the Whigs, only, turned out. The only licking the *Locos* have received, is the county of Licking, and that have by about a cool thousand. We have lost a governor, Congressmen, Assembly-men, and nothing else to lose.

Lobelia Convention.—On Monday last a Convention of the disciples of the *Lobelia system* met in Philadelphia. It consisted of delegates from various Thomsonian Societies in the United States met according to appointment; the majority being thorough disciples of Dr. Thomson, and a few differing with him on some points. The former refusing to recognize the latter as Thomsonsians, the convention was dissolved by a majority of the convention was dissolved by a majority of the convention, at the Hall of the Franklin statue, in Seventh street. Those who differed with Dr. Thomson afterwards met at Washington, likewise to form a new Constitution. Both sessions were still sitting on Tuesday evening.—*Sas*.

